To the In-Burgeſſes and Inhabitants of the Borough of CHRISTCHURCH.

HOW long will ye ſleep in the deluſive Slumber, that has, as with magic Hand, held you in ſenſeleſs Torpidity? How long will ye bow the Knee to Baal, and court the Smiles of a ſycophantic Courtier? Have you not heard that Self-intereſt, and Deceit, are the conſtituent Properties of this Tribe, and that their Profeſſions of Service will be no longer preſſed upon you, but their paraſitical Condeſcenſion and Complaiſance ceaſe and determine when your Aſſiſtance to the Completion of their Purpoſes ſhall be uſeleſs. The End being then obtained, you will be uſeleſs alſo, and experience that Inattention, and Neglect, the conſtant Reward of Servility. How often have you ſeen the fallen Member of your Body corporate, the Cup-bearer of your great Man, preſiding at your feſtive Board, arrayed in the ſpecious Trappings of Self-conſequence, with the Majeſty of a Crœſus? Look at him now! Where now is all his boaſted Wealth?

His Parks, his Walks, his Manors, that *he had*,
All now forſake him; and of all his Lands,
Is nothing left him *but his Body's Length*.

See then how Fraud and Cunning can beguile, and take this as a Specimen of thoſe you have to deal with. The Advantages of your Obedience to his Nod have been ſet forth as a weighty Conſideration in the Statement of his Accounts, as an Item of Value, a poſſeſſive Right, irrecoverably gained, and eſtabliſhed in common with the other *Proprietors* of your Borough, and therefore a *Marketable* Matter. What! are ye then to be *bought* and *ſold?* Conſider your own conſequence, and be no longer Hirelings. Reverence the God of your Fathers. Remember him who in Times paſt has been your Patron, your Friend, your Father; him from whom the firſt Iſſues of your political Life ſprung, and him to whom your Anceſtors looked up with a ſacred Reſpect. Suſpect the Views of thoſe who attempt to gain your Intereſt, by the Promiſe of Reward, by *Place*, or *Penſion*; theſe are fallacious Profeſſions, the falſe Bloſſoms of Hypocriſy, which *Bloom only*. *Be cautious*, and, if not too late, be careful to prevent the Staff from falling beyond your Graſp; let the majeſtic Spirit of Independency reign amongſt you, and keep in conſtant remembrance that "*There is no ROSE without a Thorn.*"

VERITAS.